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his hand, which already held the gong-hammer, and sighed. *Dulces reminiscitur Argos*, I said to myself. Then, putting on my most gracious mien, I approached him, and, supposing him to understand English, addressed him with a "Good morning, sir,"—full of benevolent interest not to be misinterpreted. For all answer, my man gets up, turns his back, goes and opens a cupboard, and takes out some sandwiches, which he begins to eat, without looking towards me, and with an air somewhat contemptuous for this food of Barbarians. Then he sighed again,—he is evidently thinking of those succulent shark-fins, fried in castor-oil, which he feasted on in his own country—of the soup of swallow-nests—and of the famous wood-louse jam, which they make so well in Canton. Ugh! the reveries of this impolite gastronomer gives me the nausea, and I hasten away.

A noise, like that produced by rain, spread throughout the spacious galleries;—it was the fountains and jets d'eau, which had just been set in motion by the keepers. Crystal castles, and artificial rocks, trembled under the rushing of liquid pearls; the policemen—those good gendarmes without arms, whom every one respects with justice—took their stations; the young apprentice of Mr. Ducroquet approached his master's organ, meditating the new polka with which he intended to regale us; the ingenious manufacturers of Lyons came to finish their admirable displays; diamonds, prudently hidden during night-time, re-appeared dazzling beneath their glass cases; the large Irish bell, in *D♭ minor*, which commands the eastern gallery, obstinately struck 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 blows, quite proud not to resemble its fellow in Albany Street, which gives out a resounding *major* third. Silence had kept me awake.—these noises made me drowsy; desire for sleep became irresistible—I came and sat down before Erard's grand piano, the musical wonder of the Exhibition—I leant against its rich cover, and was falling asleep, when Thalberg, tapping me on the shoulder, said, "Ah! brother colleague! the jury are assembling. *Allons!* rouse yourself. We have to examine 32 musical snuff-boxes, 24 accordions, and 13 bombardons to-day."

### MUSIC

#### AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 59.)

"AND the mute silence hith along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even-song."—Milton.

Coleridge's beautiful poem on the Nightingale makes allusion to the above passage; although the author takes care, in a note, "to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity, to a line in Milton."

"And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,  
'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!  
A melancholy bird! Oh! idle thought!  
In nature there is nothing melancholy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nature's sweet voices, always full of love  
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale  
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music!"

The poet goes on to describe a spot abounding in nightingales, where—

"far and near,  
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,  
They answer and provoke each other's song,  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—  
Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
That should you close your eyes, you might almost  
Forget it was not day! \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* and these wakeful birds  
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,  
As if some sudden gale had swept at once  
A hundred airy harps. And 'I have' watched  
Many a nightingale perched giddily  
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,  
And to that motion tune his wanton song  
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head."

Coleridge.

Milton's renowned sonnet must not be omitted from among these honoring tributes to nightingales. Although as well known as the bird's delicious note itself; yet, like that, it cannot be too often heard.

"O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;  
Thou with fresh hopes the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
The liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I."

Milton.

Charles Lamb, in his 'Dramatic Specimens,' cites John Ford's version of the contention between a nightingale and a musician; and concludes with the following remark:—"This story, which is originally to be met with in Strada's *Prologues*, has been paraphrased in rhyme by Crashaw, Ambrose Phillips, and others; but none of those versions can at all compare for harmony and grace with this blank verse of Ford's: it is as fine as anything in Beaumont and Fletcher; and almost equals the strife which it celebrates." The

Music among the Poets and Poetical Writers—(continued.)

passage bearing upon our subject most especially, is this :—

“A Nightingale,  
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes  
The challenge ; and, for every several strain  
The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sang her down ;  
He could not run division with more art  
Upon his quaking instrument, than she  
The nightingale did with her various notes  
Reply to.”—*Ford*.

~~~~~  
“Fame tells of groves—from England far away—  
Groves\* that inspire the Nightingale to trill  
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill  
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay ;  
Such bold report I venture to gainsay :  
For I have heard the choir of Richmond hill  
Chanting, with indefatigable bill,  
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day ;  
When, haply under shade of that same wood,  
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars  
Plied steadily between those willowy shores,  
The sweet souled Poet of the Seasons stood—  
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,  
Ye heavenly birds ! to your progenitors.”

*Wordsworth.*

#### OBJECTS OF MUSICAL EDUCATION AND THEIR TIME.

BY DR. MARX.†

(Continued from page 60.)

##### PLAYING ON THE PIANO.

After singing, the command of the pianoforte is our most essential qualification, and among us is so considered. The piano is the only instrument, excepting the scarcely accessible organ, on which melody and harmony, and the rich web of combined and simultaneous voices or parts, can be produced with accuracy and almost unlimited magnificence of effect. It is also highly adapted to accompanying song, and to conducting. From these advantages it has happened, that for this single instrument more master-pieces have been written, since the time of Seb. Bach up to Beethoven, than for all other instruments put together. Most songs have been composed with accompaniment for that instrument—organ parts can be transferred without any change—and whatever quartet and orchestral music found favour with the public, was immediately presented to pianoforte players in the form of arrangements, &c. Therefore, no branch of practice can promise so rich a harvest as piano playing ; and it must be acknowledged, that, without so abundant a field, any extended acquaintance with our musical literature would be scarcely possible to the world in general. To the composer this instrument is nearly indispensable, partly on the foregoing grounds, and partly because no other is so appropriate, both for exercising and exciting his own imagination and for proving the effect of many-part compositions. It is equally important to the conductor and to the singing master. Even its defects are advantages to musical education, and particularly to the composer. The pianoforte is greatly inferior to bowed and wind instruments in inward feeling and power of *tone* or quality of sound, in the power of sustaining a *tone*, inequality of

force, in crescendo, or in diminuendo, in melting two or more *tones* into each other, and in gliding imperceptibly from the one to the other, all which so admirably succeed on bowed instruments. The piano does not fully satisfy the ear : its performance, compared to that of bowed and wind instruments, is in a manner colourless, and its effect, in comparison with the resplendence of an orchestra, is as a drawing to a painting. But exactly on this account, the piano moves more powerfully the creative faculty of both player and hearer ; for it requires their assistance to complete and colour, to give full significance to that which is but spiritually indicated. Thus imagination fosters the new idea, and penetrates therewith to our hearts ; while other instruments immediately seize, and move, and satisfy the senses, and by their means attack the feelings, more powerfully, perhaps, in a sensuous direction, but not so fruitfully in the soul. This is probably the chief reason why the piano has become the especial instrument for spiritually musical education, and particularly for composition ; since other instruments easily overcome their votaries, whom they seduce into their own instrumental peculiarities, and create a one-sided mannerism in their productions.

For the earliest instruction, also, the piano has the advantage (good tuning being supposed) of presenting to the pupil correct *tones*, and a clear insight into the tonic system by the key-board.

But just from this point arises the important quality of the instrument, which may be perilous to all the real advantages derived from it, unless it be sedulously counteracted ; and this, we must confess, is at present but little thought of—nay, indeed, that dangerous quality is speculated on, and an entirely false system of education is built on it for outward show, through whose apparent advantages even the true artistic education is represented in a false light, as ignorant and baneful. Since the pianoforte has its fixed *tones* provided, it is easier to play upon this instrument than upon any other, without any internal feeling of correctness of *tone*, or even without hearing, and to arrive at a certain degree of mechanical dexterity. How often do we meet ready piano players, who, from want of a cultivated feeling of *tone*, are incapable of singing a correct succession of *tones*, or of imagining it,—who have no clear notion of what they are playing—nay, who in reality hear nothing correctly ! How many bravura players might one name, to whom the artistic meaning of a simple movement remains a sealed book, and who therefore perform the greatest and the least compositions, with assumption and vanity indeed, but without inward participation—without awakening joy in themselves or in their audience, but merely a fruitless astonishment at their technical cleverness ! And how deep has this perversion of art into dead mechanism penetrated into artistic life ! Whoever has an opportunity of observing many students of music and their teachers, cannot conceal from himself that at present, particularly in large towns devoted to vanity and fashion, the greater part of the pianoforte students are, in this manner, led astray ; and that a great part of the teachers are themselves ignorant of the right path, or otherwise have not the courage to oppose the stream of fashion, or the allurements of example and personal advantage.

If, however, satisfactory instruction is not to be expected from all masters, nor every student is to hope for the choice of a good master, there remains still a tolerably sure method of guarding against this wide-spread evil. It consists in rigidly examining the work, which is exacted from the pupil, in the pupil himself, and his parents or preceptor insisting absolutely that the teacher shall furnish really profitable work ; or, if that cannot be secured with certainty, in seeking immediately another teacher more trustworthy to his art.

\* Wallachia is the country alluded to.

† Dr. Marx's *General Musical Instruction*. Published in Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. Cloth, price 6s. 6d.

(To be continued.)